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Mr. Squirrel's Magic Sack of Nuts



I want to tell you a story about my friend Mr. Squirrel. I met him in the park one day, and my life's not been the same since. It all started one day while he was collecting nuts for the winter, right here in this very park. While reaching for an acorn hidden underneath some bushes, his tummy landed on a wad of chewing gum that some inconsiderate human had left behind. As used gum is likened to do, it became stuck to his fur and skin. To make matters worse, the chewing gum smelled like spearmint, pepperoni, onions, and halitosis.

As you might expect, this made him very angry. He couldn't help but yell some not so nice squirrel words. "What the squeaking heck?" He shouted. "You gotta be chirping kidding me!" echoed across a nearby pond. "Squeak me!" his tiny voice thundered loud enough that other squirrels thought the sound must have come from a larger animal, like a muskrat. When they saw it was one of their own in distress, they came to see if they could help. With agile and slender claws, they tried to pull the gum off, but that only made things painful. Mr. Squirrel kept yelling, "Take it squeaking easy!" and, "Not so squeaking hard!" Try as they might to remove it, the gum stayed stuck right where it was.

Mr. Squirrel was in quite a state. What was one to do when the downy soft fur of your tummy was ensconced in a light teal colored blob of human bacteria? Thinking things could get no worse, he shut himself up tight in his burrow and went to bed. That's when things got worse. It started when his favorite sheets got stuck to the glob of gum. Then, next morning at breakfast, sharp pieces of acorn shell collected on it too. As Mr. Squirrel scavenged for lunch in the park later on, a school girl saw him and believing she saw a scampering pile of garbage, screamed and turned to run. This caused a pink princess bracelet to fly from her wrist and land, you guessed it, right on to the wad of gum. By dinner time that evening, the glob had also gained a layer of grit and several dead flies that weren't dead when they landed the first time.

Oh what a tragedy had come to Mr. Squirrel in just one day. His sheets were now useless, the bracelet was wrapped around him like a pink belt, shell pieces poked his tummy, and the dead flies just stared at him helplessly. Mr Squirrel had enough and let his frustration get the best of him. He ran out of his hutch and yelled, "I can't squeaking take it any more! Something has to be done about these chirpity humans and all their messes! I call on the Mystical Order of the Squirrel to do something to help me!"

A cold chill rose from the ground and a thick mist filled the air. Soon, among bright flashes of light, appeared Squirrelina, the mystical fairy princess of the squirrels. Looking radiant and cuddly while floating inside of a golden halo, she looked at Mr. Squirrel with loving eyes and said, "Will you shut the squeak up already? I can't chirping hear myself think?" Since squirrels are always grouchy, Mr. Squirrel yelled back, "I'll be quiet when you do something about those squeaking humans and all the messes they make!"

Squirrelina pulled out her wand and said, "Fine!" Then, with a 'chirpity-poof,' nut scented smoke rose around Mr. Squirrel. When it cleared, the ginormous glob of gum and garbage was gone, and a small golden sack lay at his feet.

"What's this squeaking thing?" he asked.

"First," Squirrelina said with sarcastic attitude, "you're welcome. Second, that is a magic nut sack that I'm giving to you."

Mr. Squirrel snapped back, "What the shell am I supposed to do with that?"

"You summoned the Mystical Order for help. Now a favor must be repaid, or I will return you to your wadded state. I command that you be on the look out for humans that litter. When you see one, take one of the nuts from that sack and hit them with it." Squirrelina chirpity-poofed again, and was gone.

Mr. Squirrel sprouted an evil smile, rubbed his hands together, and grabbed the magic sack of nuts. His tail bristled with excitement as he started the hunt for misbehaving humans. Soon he spied a child throwing sticks at a rabbit... Acorn-cadabra 'clunk!' and she was wearing poison ivy underwear. A few yards away, a woman dropped an empty soda can on the ground... Bippity-boppity-nut 'pow!' and she grew nose hairs long enough to tie around her neck. Mr. Squirrel laughed at how much fun he was having. This wasn't like work at all! Then a man walking by spilled ketchup from his hot dog onto Mr. Squirrel's head. The man stopped long enough to laugh at the sight, then kept walking. Mr. Squirrel was steamed. He reached around inside his nut sack for a particularly large nut, took aim at the back of the man's head, and let it go. 'Bagongk!'

And that, children, is how my body turned into a giant bottle of ketchup. I urge you while in the park today to watch out what you leave behind for the squirrels. Out there somewhere is one with a sack full of magic nuts, and he's not afraid to use them.



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